

# BILL ON LOCAL TIPS

Nye Reports How Things Are  
Going at Buck Shoals.

## SOME NOTES ON FARMING

Flum Levi Closes Up Owing to the  
Famine and Kope Elias Gets There  
as Eternal Revenue Collector.

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NEWS ITEMS AND SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Shedders have quit biding.  
Oh, how it did rain three weeks ago!  
John Huff is out with a new straw hat.  
Read the poem by Pearl Winterbottom  
in another column.

Some dead in human form tapped our  
largest watermelon last week and let the  
same juices into it.

The Epworth League of Buck Shoals  
has decided to keep open on Sunday.  
Otherwise it would not pay.



FROM LEVI'S RAZOR.

Buck Shoals is in the center of the  
thermal belt. See that your World's fair  
ticket gives you a stop over here.

Who was the melodious one that named  
the town of Rutherford in this state?  
Was he sober enough to give the name at  
the time?

Kope Elias was the man who made the  
arrangement with the Richmond and  
Northern railroad. You will find no nice  
fresh lawn growing under the feet of  
Kope Elias.

George W. Vanderbilt bought 20,000  
acres more of perpendicular farming  
lands near here recently. This tract is  
grand and fertile. It affords a  
beautiful view of Buck Shoals. He will  
fence it in and use it for rearing whip-  
poorwill birds.

Flum Levi of Asheville closed his bar-  
ber shop for three days last week owing  
to the pain, but resumed one-half of  
the business this morning. The re-  
sulting window is open again, and he hopes  
to open the discharging department as  
crops begin to come in. Mr. Levi has  
enough assets, all good, but cannot re-  
lax on them. He has the promise of  
all our leading citizens that he can't  
shave them after death, but you can't  
bury up such collateral as that. The  
assessors have been too helpful to realize  
on Flum's property. When pushed by  
his creditors, he comes only run around  
among customers and look at their  
tongues. Flum's popularity among the  
dead is remarkable. Friends of deceased  
always send for him, too, because his  
shaving is a sure test that the remains  
are not in a tree or a tree. Flum has an old  
rascal called Encourager that makes one's  
face feel like a pillar of fire by day and  
a pillar of smoke by night. Whenever  
it alights one notices a little tickling  
sensation as he dith who stretch down where  
the little black hornet or typhoid touch-  
ment of Tennessee is opening a World's  
fair.

The appointment and administration  
of Kope Elias as internal revenue col-  
lector of this district is giving more and  
more satisfaction. He has 450 agents  
under him, all of whom are a perfect  
possession. The internal revenue affairs  
have been more so genial in North  
Carolina as at the present time. Such  
men as Rutherford and Gaudy agree with  
this statement. It has always been a very  
difficult matter to attend to revenue af-  
fairs here without making personal en-  
emies, but at the present time all is  
harmony. Kope Elias is the quiet gar-  
mentless man that the president could  
have named. He is one of our subscrib-  
ers and knows that we will send back  
the little willow covered back as soon as  
we are through with it. A few more  
formidable appointments would please  
us any time. Kope Elias, Kope just  
came over for the singers.

The purchase of the Pink Red and  
Flag track by Mr. Vanderbilt, embracing  
20,000 acres of land, has thrown the col-  
ored Christian Redeemer society of that  
place out of a home, as all the buildings  
on the property will be demolished. The  
society is looking about for a location.  
They are offered a house and a good  
baptizing place below here on the river,  
but have not yet accepted.

The United Church Combs band of Pla-  
gah also finds itself here de band back,  
as their old tract is to be fenced off and  
planted with alfalfa deer and terrapin.  
Many people find themselves homeless in  
that locality and as soon as they can  
call in their dogs will move. Pink Beds  
is called because the great beds, as  
emerged from the mountains at the mid-  
summer season, is a vast bed of Indian  
pink, most beautiful to behold. The  
name does not mean, as a correspondent  
seems to think that pink counterparts  
are used there exclusively. They are not.

Wanted—By a former president of sev-  
enty-back, attention to a good family, to  
do chores in a private home, or to take  
care of a flagpole in the city. Will run  
of errands or do farm work or look out  
for a well educated young woman who  
is going ahead. Ready at figure and  
can show at once by means of place of  
child and state of barn how much a sure  
and girl can have in 300 years if she puts  
it in the bank every week and keeps her  
eye on it all the time.

Farming is out with a safe profession  
as many would have us believe. A man  
named Richard Davis was buried during

the summer at the Binghamer grave-  
yard who was instantly killed while fol-  
lowing the plow. He was going at a  
high rate of speed, the off mule having  
secured the line under his or her tail, as  
the case may be, when the plow struck  
a hickory root in such a way as to crush  
the ribs of Mr. Davis by a blow from one  
of the handles, killing him instantly. A  
week ago a fleshy man named Burdick  
of Tinsleyville county slid down a hay-  
stack and encountered a pitchfork stand-  
ing against the stack, times upward, but  
concealed by the hay. The three times  
of the fork punctured the abdominal  
cavity, proving so fatal that his son is  
now nursing the father. It was he who  
stood the fork wrong end up by the side  
of the stack. We hope that from this  
little incident he has learned a valuable  
lesson. Another farmer, while finishing  
out a tall stack of grain this month and  
not over 20 miles from where the above  
fate occurred, called to his son be-  
hind to look up the long stake sharpened at  
the end for the purpose of fastening the  
top sheet on the stack. The son, who is a  
retired pitcher, having had his nose  
knocked off while playing the national  
game at Cincinnati, being in a sort of  
brown study, sent it to first with such  
force that the stake entered through the  
back of the father over 16 inches,  
making it extremely difficult for him to  
change his clothes in time for the funeral.  
These are among the reasons why boys  
leave the farm.

A subscriber at Athens, Ga., sends in  
the following clipping and inquires if we  
think it correct:

A British scientist recently stated that if a  
man weighing 160 pounds were placed under a  
hydraulic press and squeezed that the result  
would be 50 pounds of water and 50 pounds of  
dry residue.

We would hate to venture an opinion  
on this, not having been present when it  
was tried, but presume it is true. Yet  
what could be the scientist's object? We  
would not treat anybody in that way  
under any circumstances. Some sci-  
entists seem to have no higher ambition in  
life than to supply material for antiques.  
The writer moved away from New York  
to escape from a prominent physician  
who wished to make a thorough exami-  
nation of a few vital organs of his that  
do not in any way concern the public.  
A man can't be too careful that way in  
these days.

Strayed—From the chateau at Buck  
Shoals, one low set burro, or child's  
donkey, named Marie Antoinette. He is  
of a mouse color, shading into ele-  
phant's breath on the stomach. He has  
had his hair on one side clipped with  
scissors by the children, giving that side  
a corrugated appearance which is notice-  
able even at a distance. He is 81 years  
of age and is in his eighty-second year  
now, but does not show it. Would be  
taken for 79 or 80 only. His tail has not  
been shaved since he left home, and so  
there must be a week's growth of beard  
on it. He went away because the child-  
ren made him wear a sunbonnet at  
Easter time, and he has just decided  
lately that it was an insult. Mary An-  
toinette at times shows signs of second  
childhood approaching, but noticeable  
only to those who know and love him  
best. He went away in the night and  
may have eloped with some one. Any  
one finding him is cautioned about shav-  
ing his tail without running it through  
an augur hole in the side of the barn and  
holding it with a pair of plumber's for-  
ceps. A reward of \$5 will be given for  
the return of Marie Antoinette and notes  
at 50 days given for crops destroyed by  
him.

The following poem, or portion of one,  
there being 16 other stanzas which are  
omitted here, is taken from a paper pub-  
lished near Cripple Creek, Colo., called  
The Iris.

A HINT FROM NATURE.  
Long ago in the olden times  
People did not notice nature, but we  
Are older and wiser and  
Should notice all things, you see.

Did you ever notice nature?  
She talks all day long.  
For instance, I don't know  
The brook's meaning in his song.

Did you ever notice nature?  
She talks all day long.  
For instance, I don't know  
The brook's meaning in his song.



STRAYED FROM THE CHATEAU.

Perhaps you never think  
When you go out for a walk,  
That every flower and blade of grass  
Is trying to get you to stop and talk.

And if you sit down near a tree  
And see the grass and flowers,  
If you are cross and sad,  
Nature will reason with you for hours.

You feel has given us nature  
To help us in our life's tour,  
So when we are sad and weary  
Nature will help us to get our cheer.

Nature was never known to sleep  
Or to be sad or cross,  
And if we were to lose nature,  
It would be a very great loss.

She came not for the material help—  
For gladness she has always sought—  
She laughs with us and with the hills,  
She tenderly mother the blind.

No matter how poor the person,  
He is never refused a soft rest,  
She loves everybody she sees  
Whether they are poor or not.

So, if you want to be cross,  
Don't go into her reach,  
For the sadder you are  
The more gladness she'll reach.

Sometimes the punishment  
God gives is hard to bear,  
And we foolishly think,  
If we suffer, God doesn't care.

But he does have a great deal,  
That's why he gave us nature, you know,  
Because when he can't reach us by words  
Nature takes his place and does so.

People who have heretofore failed to  
notice nature will be glad to have their  
attention thus pleasantly called in that  
direction. We are all shown in a pleas-  
ing way how disagreeable it would be if  
nature should ever have anything hap-  
pen to it.

Bill Nye  
BUCK SHOALS, N. C., August

SEASONABLE.  
Moosehorns now come round,  
Their tines begin to play,  
And every where they found  
At work from day to day.  
They come but to increase  
The sum of human life,  
They rub us all in peace  
With softness in their bills.  
—Mount Vernon News

## Reading For Children.

The wise mother will teach her chil-  
dren without their suspecting that they  
are learning lessons. The charm of  
"Little Red Riding Hood" and "The  
Three Bears" may be equalled by true  
stories of the wonders that lie all about  
us. These have revealed themselves to  
many patient, sympathetic observers  
who have recorded their observations  
for our benefit, so that we have only to  
profit by their labors. The fairyland of  
science has domains as fascinating as  
anything in the extensive realm of  
fiction. Why not make the children free  
of it? Tell them of the habits of birds  
and plants and animals; of the wonder-  
ful snow crystals and the black dia-  
monds of the coal. It is not difficult to  
begin; it is only difficult to know where  
to stop. The supply of subjects is inex-  
haustible.

As we watch the development of the  
active, intelligent minds, we feel the im-  
portance of supplying them with food  
that shall nourish as well as amuse them.  
It seems a pity that the retentive mem-  
ories, on which it is now so easy to make  
an indelible impression, should not have  
imprinted upon them facts of real in-  
terest and value. These may be read at  
first in the simplest language and illus-  
trated by reference to familiar things.  
Children are full of curiosity; all their  
surroundings are new and strange. They  
are constantly asking questions and in-  
quiring into the reason of everything  
that strikes them as being unusual.  
They should receive intelligent answers,  
explanations that will satisfy them as  
far as possible when the subject is really  
beyond their grasp.

Nothing is more exasperating to the  
inquiring mind than to be told, "You  
cannot understand that now; you must  
wait until you are older," or given one of  
the other time honored excuses that  
serve to conceal the ignorance of the  
elders.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Pat to the Test.

Crushed and humiliated he stood be-  
fore the woman he loved and avowed  
his fate.

"Speak," he groaned; "I am prepared  
for the worst."

Moving swiftly across the room, she  
laid her hands tenderly upon his shoul-  
ders. His being thrilled with renewed  
courage.

"Then you have trust in me?" he es-  
perely exclaimed.

"Can you doubt me?" she asked in  
sweet reproach. "When you came to me  
and told me you had caught 47 brook  
trout, each of a weight of one pound and  
upward, I believed you. Why, then,  
should you question me now?"

Supported by her love he laughed the  
world to scorn.—Detroit Tribune.

## What a Sweet Mummy!

When Fred Sweet went on the  
Death valley expedition two or three  
years ago, two of his university city  
friends were talking about him. "Where  
and what is Death valley?" queried one.  
"Why, it is away out west in the moun-  
tains, and is a horrid hot place where  
people just wither up into mummies,"  
was the reply. "How perfectly awful!"  
responded her friend. And then, with a  
tone of enthusiasm in her voice, she  
added, "But what a dear, sweet little  
mummy Fred would make!"—Lola Regis-  
ter.

## An Abrupt Ending.

Guide—In this castle, gentlemen, lived  
the Knight Dagobert and his beauti-  
ful wife. The knight's prowess was  
well—  
Tourists—Oh, do spare us a long  
winded story. Tell us the conclusion,  
and that will be enough.

Guide—All right. Here is the con-  
clusion: And now, gentlemen, as I have  
told you such a thrilling tale, I hope you  
will give me a trifle with which to drink  
your health.—Tit-Bits.

## What It Was.

Gwendolen, another Boston maiden of  
7 who has never been on a farm in her  
life, has gone at last this summer to visit  
some country relatives.

The other day while she and the fam-  
ily were at dinner a pet lamb approached  
the open door and bawled loudly and re-  
peatedly.

"Mamma," exclaimed Gwendolen,  
"what's that hollering traps, rags, out  
there?"—Boston Transcript.

A Serious Undertaking.  
Chappie—I was very greatly im-  
pressed by Deutch Planchette's sermon  
on Sunday, when he spoke of the neces-  
sity of having a serious object in life.  
And I'm going to do it too.

Chollie—Going to turn missionary,  
deah boy?

Chappie—Hardly, but I've made up  
my mind to tool a dwag.—Truth.

## No Confidence.

"Youah teeth twubbling you again,  
Weegie, deah boy? Why don't you go  
to youah regular dentist then?"

"Because, deah chappie, I learted to-  
day that he doesn't even fill his own  
teeth, and a fellah who hasn't that much  
confidence in himself I'm afraid to  
trust, don't you see?"—Brooklyn Life.

## Decisive.

Dodd—You can't always judge a man  
by his looks. For instance, take Wis-  
kisky.

Todd—He's shabby enough.

Dodd—I know it. But I succeeded in  
borrowing \$5 from him yesterday.—  
Clothes and Furnishings.

## At the Social.

Mr. Shabby Ginted—I desire to put  
up this hotel.

Clerk—Have you any baggage?

Mr. Shabby Ginted—No, sir.

Clerk—In that case the first thing you  
put up will be \$10 in advance.—Texas  
Sittings.

## Much Better.

"How do you like your new lady help,  
Mrs. Todgers?"

"I should like her a good deal more,  
Mrs. Todgers, if she were a little less  
lady and a little more of a help."—Tit-  
Bits.

of the house knew at once that the third  
stranger had met with some keen and  
bitter disappointment.

"Yes, madam," he continued, "behold  
me now. Once the most popular and  
respected conductor on my road, today  
I am homeless, an outcast from my own  
threshold. In years of constant toil I  
accumulated a modest property, and lo-  
cating in one of the most respectable  
parts of Chicago I built me a little home,  
where I hoped, with the flock I had  
gathered around me, to end my days in  
peace. And now I am turned away  
from my own doors, a hopeless wander-  
er. There is no longer any room for me  
under my own roof. Madam, they came,  
and I was obliged to go."

"Who came?" queried the kind lady,  
brushing away a tear that was coursing  
down his travel stained cheek.

The tired traveler replied as his em-  
aciated frame shook with emotion, "Alas,  
madam, my relatives from the east!"—  
Harper's Bazar.

## Both the Same.

About 50 years ago a hatter in the  
south of England had a sign hung out-  
side his door with "J. Dodging" printed  
on it. There was a young clerk who  
was in the habit of passing by the shop  
every morning. One day he went in to  
buy himself a new hat and left his old  
to be done up, promising to call for it in  
two days' time and then pay for his new  
one.

Day after day went on, and he never  
turned up. He went to his business an-  
other way. So the hatter, becoming  
tired of waiting for his money, went one  
morning at 11 o'clock in search of him,  
and meeting him he exclaimed:  
"Now, then, young man, I've got you.  
I am Dodging, the hatter."

The young fellow then coolly ex-  
claimed: "Oh, how strange! I am doing  
the very same thing."—Tit-Bits.

## Miss Hading's Faithfulness.

On being asked by an English inter-  
viewer, "What is your favorite role?"  
Miss Jane Hading replied: "I have  
no favorite role, or, rather, all my roles  
are favorites. I couldn't play a charac-  
ter unless I liked it sufficiently to iden-  
tify myself with the personage it repre-  
sented. Of course there are parts in  
which I feel myself more at home than  
in others. I first endeavor to under-  
stand the characters that I propose to  
portray, and it is not until I feel that I  
understand them that I attempt to learn  
the words that are put into their  
mouths. I may tell you that all my  
study is done at night."

## Came to Life.

"Yes," said Robinson, "I was walking  
on upper Broadway when a poor woman  
and two children attracted my atten-  
tion. They were suffering, I stopped  
them. The husband had died that morn-  
ing, and they were penniless. I went  
to their home, and there I saw, laid on  
a table with a sheet covering it, the  
corpses of the poor father. I gave them  
money and left the home of sorrow. I  
thought when I reached the street that  
I had not given them enough, and I re-  
mounted the three flights of stairs. I  
knocked at the door, and the poor dead  
father opened it!"—Life.

## The Dress of a Wealthy Chinaman.

In the matter of costume the China-  
man is notable for the length and cap-  
acity of his skirts, while his wife and  
daughters wear and do not infrequently  
display the breeches. Silk and satin are  
his favorite materials for clothes, and the  
handsome pattern and more heavy  
and showy the embroidery the better  
dressed he considers himself. A neck-  
lace of beads forms an indispensable ad-  
junct to the full dress of every mandarin,  
and a fan is rarely out of his hand.—  
Washington Star.

## Unanimity in Wishing.

A young lady was walking along with  
her beau, and both were looking at the  
moon. After gazing skyward in silence  
for some moments the young man re-  
marked, "I wish I were the man in the  
moon."

"So do I," spoke up the young lady.  
"And why do you wish that?" asked  
the young man, with a puzzled look.

"The moon is more than a million  
miles away," she quietly replied.—In-  
dianapolis Journal.

## Defined.

"Give an example of a natural infer-  
ence," the college professor said. "Well,  
sir," replied the student, "if you should  
meet a carriage some Sunday afternoon  
with a young man on the front seat and  
another young man and a pretty girl on  
the back seat, a natural inference would  
be that there were going after another  
pretty girl."—Somerville Journal.

## Inspiration Necessary.

"What perfectly lovely children's  
stories you write, Mr. Scribble! How  
do you ever do it?" asked Miss Gusher.  
"By looking them out of the room,  
Miss Gusher," replied Scribble, "and  
filling my ears with cotton."—Truth.

## Very Simple.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the  
plain and shabby dressed Julius to my  
elegant and handsome brother?"

"That is quite simple. Your brother  
is in love with himself and Julius with  
me."—Tit-Bits.

## His Status Fixed.

"Now that he is a poet we will know  
whether he is dead or not."

"Did he leave anything?"

"Oh, yes, considerable property."

"Then he was no poet."—New York  
Press.

## Very Powerful.

Mr. Binks—The paper says a big  
flour mill out west blew up yesterday.

Mrs. Binks—La zakes! I s'pose it's  
where they make this new fangled self  
raising flour.—New York Weekly.

## Not So Hard.

Bugh—So you're going to give up art  
and study medicine, eh?

Fencil—Yes. It's easier to be a doc-  
tor. You don't have to bother about  
anatomy.—Life.

## Result of a Twisting Process.

Not—What makes Grimes shaped so  
like a corker?

Dot—His wife's constant twisting him  
around her little finger.—Vogues.

## Between the Acts.

He—These waits are insufferable.  
She—The programme says "Ten years  
dajee."—Kate Field's Washington.

## His Downfall.

He played on water all night long  
till the water froze under him.  
And now he sits with water under him.  
His neckties are the same.  
—Curtis and Parsonage.

A FLAW.  
She grows me in her cultured brain  
and loves me, I can see;  
She would I came, and yet I feel  
There's something wrong with me.  
I laugh and take her hands in mine.  
Those critic's eyes, 'tis clear,  
Have found me out. I whisper low,  
"What goes upon you, dear?"  
My hat, my coat, my gloves! No, no,  
I'm sure they're quite correct!  
I saw you looking when I came,  
Did I not walk erect?

What is it then? Ah, now I know!  
I've guessed! It's my crest!  
She smiles. "To tell the truth, my dear,  
I am not stuck on that."—Club.

## Fakes Wouldn't Do.

Caller—Say, want a petrified man?  
Museum Manager—Indeed I do, right  
off.

"Well, I can do the petrified man act  
so no one will ever guess it."

"You want a genuine living petrified  
man, not an imitation."

"Nobody'll know the difference."

"I don't want him for exhibition. I  
want him for cash."—New York  
Weekly.

## Some Differences.

City Editor—You've got the account  
of that woman's suffrage meeting, have  
you? What's that big roll of paper un-  
der your arm?

Reporter—What they said at the meet-  
ing.

City Editor—And that slip of paper  
you are twirling in your fingers?

Reporter—What they did.—Buffalo  
Courier.

## A Change in Her Complexion.

Pilkington—De Gush's nose is getting  
frightfully red all of a sudden.

Mrs. Pilkington—I'm sorry for Mrs.  
De Gush.

Pilkington—Yes, it's too bad.

Mrs. Pilkington—After she's gone and  
had all her spring dresses in pale blue  
and green.—Truth.

## Historical Item.

Teacher—To what circumstance is it  
principally due that Columbus discov-  
ered America?

Tommy—I suppose to the fact that the  
country wasn't discovered at that time.  
—Texas Sittings.

## Superfluous Insurance.

Blister—I made a speech tonight at  
the banquet which will make me im-  
mortal.

Mrs. B.—And it was only last month  
that you got your life insured.—Boston  
Transcript.

## A Strain on